Abstract

What if Michelangelo proclaimed from
way up there on the Sistine scaffolding?

"I'm beginning to see color, and the human
form, all forms really, as planes and cubes
and surfaces transmuting and revolving as does
everything in nature. You can actually look

at the woods in the rain and glimpse
not woods nor rain but an essence

closer yet to God." Then the patron
Cardinal would've fatly snapped,

"Fuck this visionary ghinny. Fetch me
somebody whose head isn't up his ass!"

Thus would we have gotten
Sal, and lost thereof
a certain flavor.